

The Saturday News

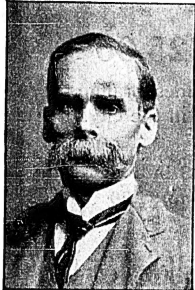
Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1908

No. 45

THE RIDINGS OF ALBERTA

EDMONTON



HON. FRANK OLIVER, Lib.

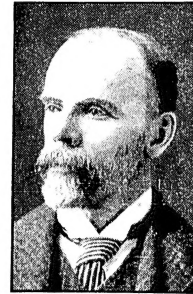


J. D. HYNDMAN, Con.

Not much doubt is expressed as to the result in Edmonton, but both sides are working hard, the Conservatives to keep down the majority of the Minister of the Interior and the Liberals to roll up the vote, which they believe is due their candidate, not only because of the lengthy and distinguished service which he has rendered to the city and the constituency, but because of the record of the government of which he is an important member. The day following nomination some stir was created by the allegation that Mr. Oliver's nomination in the papers were not correctly made out and that if the Conservatives should insist, they could have Mr. Hyndman declared elected by acclamation. This was promptly denied by the Liberal campaign managers. In any case, no judicial test will be made, so the question will have no effect on the campaign. Mr. Hyndman has worked very energetically from the day that he entered the field and, though the Saturday News cannot see how either the riding or the country could possibly be benefited by his election, it cannot help admiring the pluck and spirit which he has thrown into the fight. Mr. Oliver's majority in 1904 was in excess of two thousand and in the bye-election that was held when he accepted his portfolio, he was returned by acclamation.



RED DEER



DR. M. CLARK, Lib.



GEORGE F. ROOT, Con.

The most picturesque fight in the province is in this riding. Dr. Clark is a man of superb platform ability, and whose relation to politics is that of a student. Before coming to this province, he was a man of mark in Liberal circles in the Old Land and at the last British general election, his services were considered of sufficient value for the Liberal campaign managers to desire him to cross the ocean to help along their cause. He and his sons carry on farming operations near Olds. Opposed to him is Mr. George Root, one of the many Americans who have been attracted to this part of the West in recent years, and a cousin of Mr. Roosevelt's secretary of state. He is a prominent farmer and stockman, living near Alfr. The methods of the two candidates differ greatly. Dr. Clark has been depending altogether on the presentation of his ideas from the platform. Personal canvassing is not in his line. On the other hand Mr. Root is a genuine "glad-hand artist." Under ordinary circumstances Red Deer is a very close constituency and it will be of interest to note which style of campaigning proves the more effective. The fact that something like four out of five of the electors in the riding have come from the United States may have quite an influence in the result. Red Deer may be put down as decidedly doubtful.

VICTORIA



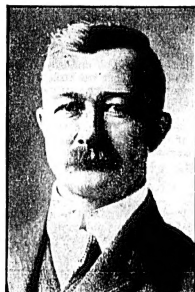
W. H. WHITE, Lib.



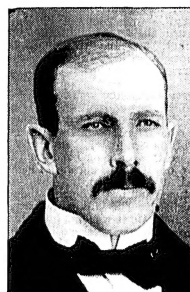
F. A. MORRISON, Con.

In this constituency which includes, generally speaking, the territory tributary to the Canadian Northern railway, the Conservative candidate is also fighting against heavy odds. Though Mr. Morrison is a young man of considerable ability and well-liked by those who have come into touch with him, Victoria may be considered a safe Liberal seat. Mr. White is an old-timer in the country and knows the riding as few others do. For fully a year back both candidates have been constantly on the move and despite the fact that Victoria covers much ground, its citizens have undergone a most complete course of political education.

MEDICINE HAT



W. C. SIMMONS, Lib.



C. A. MAGRATH, Con.

This is another riding in respect to which it is not safe to make any predictions. Both candidates have their homes in Lethbridge, which Mr. Simmons has up to the present represented in the provincial legislature. He is an effective speaker and a hard worker. One great advantage which he has had has been the support of the only daily paper in the constituency, and one of the best in the West, the Lethbridge Herald. Mr. Magrath, on the other hand, has been a prominent figure for many years in the life of that part of the country. Till a year or so ago, he was land commissioner of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, and has all the influence of the Galt family at his back. He is married to a daughter of Sir A. T. Galt, Minister of Finance under Sir John A. Macdonald. He occupied a seat for some time in the old Northwest Legislature at Regina.

STRATHCONA



DR. W. MCINTYRE, Lib.



E. W. DAY, Con.

This seat which was represented by Dr. McIntyre in the last parliament, though the territory under the new act has been very largely cut down, most of Red Deer and Victoria being formerly included, has been considered a Liberal certainty. The introduction of a farmer's candidate, who is incidentally a minister, Mr. J. G. Anderson, has, however, been mixing up the calculations. In some districts out the Wetaskiwin line of the C.P.R. Mr. Anderson has been making a strong appeal. If he draws from Dr. McIntyre more than from Mr. Day, the result is doubtful. Dr. McIntyre is a well-known resident of the city of Strathcona and Mr. Day, the founder and leading citizen of Daysland.

CALGARY



DR. STEWART, Lib.



M. S. MCCARTHY, Con.

Here Mr. McCarthy, the Conservative member in the last parliament, is again a candidate, his opponent being Dr. C. J. Stewart, who opposed him in 1904. That the former will be elected is the general belief. He is personally most popular and is generally looked upon as having a political career of considerable distinction before him. Mr. F. H. Sherman is running as a Labor candidate.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The town of Camrose, Alberta, has gained notable distinction during the past week. Its newspaper, the Mail, which has been conducting a very spirited campaign on behalf of Mr. Borden, published what we believe we are quite safe in describing as the most unique article that has ever appeared in the course of a Canadian election campaign. We reproduce it in full:

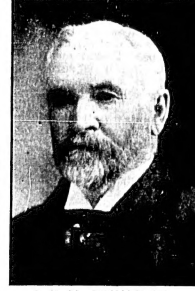
"If Christ came to Camrose, you'd see him in his stately grandeur visiting the churches of this town the Sunday before elections. He would listen to the singing of the choirs and to the words of the Preachers and tears would likely flow down His cheeks as He listened to the appeal for purity of life. And then

his thoughts would wander to the Hall of Legislation, where the People's representatives gather, and then the Christy Man would touch the lip of the Preacher and ask: 'Hast thou, teacher of my fellow men, no word to say about my laws that are being broken yonder by thy appointed leaders? What think ye, thou teacher, art thou afraid thyself and family will want for bread if thou dare to speak the truth? Shame on thee—thou who hast taken on to thyself to be the Representative of my Father who is in Heaven. Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and render unto God the things that are God's.'"

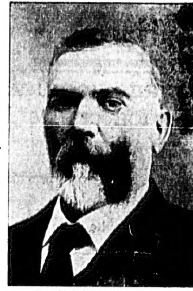
There have been elections in Canada in which one party has claimed a monopoly of loyalty and has denounced those opposed to it as traitors to the flag. There was another in which an alleged letter from Queen Victoria was circulated in the hope of influencing votes. But it

(Continued on page 4).

McLEOD



A. B. MACDONALD, Lib.



JOHN HERRON, Con.

In McLeod one of the bitterest fights in the country has been waged. Both Mr. Herron, the late member, and Mr. MacDonald, have been in the country a long time and prominently identified with the ranching interests. The Liberals have been trying to induce Mr. MacDonald to enter politics for many years back and have along all been confident that with him as their candidate, they could carry the riding. Mr. Herron's majority in 1904 was less than a hundred.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24



OUR GROWING VOCABULARY.

I purchased a motor many many
years ago,

And used to note me thisaway and
that;

I slaughtered countless fauna and a
dozen folk or so,

The world was sure my oyster, on
a plate;

But now the outlook's different, and
my motor gathers rust—

I spurn it—let it stand around and
loaf!

I long for sport much stronger
which is fuller far of danger—

Ah, now I'd rather aviate than
chauff!

What fun is there in spinning through
a city's dinny dining?

How much I'd rather aviate than
chauff.

I'm sick of honking swiftly over
common, stupid streets.

I'm sick of all the things, the
coppers do;

I'm ill of turning chickens into little
fresh mince-meat,

I'm bored of cutting ladies half in
two.

I want to cleave the ether in a dizzy
aeroplane

(Who doesn't a dillard and an
oaf)

I long to skim the breezes like a
bunch of well-skinned cheeses.

For I'd rather aviate than chauff—
(I never, never hammer all this long-
hair, new-born grammar,
So I'd rather aviate than chauff).

—Richmond-Times Dispatch.

There are some people in Edmon-
ton, who are so unfortunate as to
have to walk, who are earnestly
looking forward to the time when
the state of things described above
will have ceased to be a mere pipe-
dream. It would have been much
better to have retained the old Jasper
road-way, which reminded so many
prosperous of the trail
through the Yellowhead, than to have
a modern thoroughfare on which
life and limb are not safe. When
the day of the arish comes, a man
who is by force of circumstances a
pedestrian will begin to realize that
he is a right on the earth. Now
he is considered to have the privi-
lege of occupying a portion of the
globe's surface, only providing some-
body on a day doesn't wish to occupy it
at a particular moment. In modern
city life his position is exactly that
of George Stephenson's cow. When
he started his first railroad, he was
asked what would happen to a cow
that strayed upon the track. His
only answer was that the experience
would not be pleasant one for the
quadruped. But it is surely high
time that our streets were treated
as something a little different from
railway tracks. I'm getting a little
stiff in the joints myself and, though
a dash across Jasper at a busy time
of the day does serve to bring back
recollections of the day, when I
bucked the line for a touch-down,
some people find it hard on the heart.

A week from to-day we'll be lead-
ing normal lives again. It's wonder-
ful what a change election times
make in an ordinary common-sense
individual. The man whom a few
weeks ago he regarded as a decent
fellow he now calls a blackguard.
The matters which count most with
him under ordinary circumstances
he dismisses as of no account. He
isn't interested in anything but
politics, and won't talk or read about
anything else. Of course this doesn't
apply to everyone. There are ex-
ceptional cases which deserve ex-
tended notice because they are so rare.
For instance I should like to know
the man, with all his neighbors gone
temporarily crazy, who could sit
down and write this letter, which

appeared the other day in a local
paper:

"Would you kindly give a little
space in your valuable paper for an
answer by some practical teamsters
on following questions. There
seems to be an extraordinary team-
ster and team in this town. Team-
ster states he can pull (6) six tons
of coal up hill on bare ground with
his team with sleighs. His team
seems to be from 1400 to 1500 lbs
each. I would like to get the
opinion of some practical teamster
as to how many tons or hundred
pounds an ordinary team could pull
uphill on sleighs. Also, could you
inform me how much a cord of dry
poplar (that has been fire-killed for
years and stripped of the bark)
would weigh, and if it would be pos-
sible for a good farmer's team to
have eight or ten cords strung out
with two large racks and sleighs and
a wagon rack behind on the bare ice
on the river with horses sharp shod.
Yours faithfully,

An Enquirer.

The editor had to pass it up. De-
ciding what was the best policy for
the country to pursue in order that
it might be prosperous a hundred
years hence was child's play to this.

A writer in last week's Canadian
Courier commented on the speedy
subsidence of party feeling after an
election. "The best instance of that
sort I ever heard of occurred," he
writes, "in Montreal, after the
election of 1874. There had been a
stormy time over the notorious
'Pacifique scandal,' and Sir John Mac-
donald had been defeated most em-
phatically. The Montreal Gazette
had fought tooth and nail for the Con-
servative leader and had been con-
fident of his victory. On the day
following the election, which con-
signed Sir John temporarily to obli-
vion, the Montreal paper came out
with a mild and entertaining dis-
sertation on 'Insect Frits and In-
sect Foes of the Farmer.'"

But the Courier writer is wrong in
assuming that articles of this nature
do not appear in the heat of the cam-
paign. I myself have read many
articles within the last few weeks
about the big bugs who are either
friends or foes of the farmer.

I heard the other day of a well-
known Edmonton lady, who had
hired a Galician girl. She instruc-
ted her at great length in the art of
answering the door. One after-
noon she came upstairs and handed
her mistress a visiting card.

"The lady who gave me this is in
the parlor waiting to see Misses,"
she said "There's another on the
step."

"Well, why didn't you ask her in
to, Mary?"

"Cause she's gone and forgotten
her ticket," and the girl grinned at
the thought of how faithfully she
had carried out her orders.

A certain minister was deeply im-
pressed by an address on the evils
of smoking given at a recent synod.

He rose from his seat, went over
to a fellow minister, and said:
"Brother, this morning I received a
present of 100 good cigars. I have
smoked one of them, but now I'm
going home and burn the remainder
in the fire." The other minister
arose, and said it was his intention
to accompany his reverend brother.
"I mean to rescue the ninety and
nine," he added.

The smooth-tongued book agent
was selling the old gentleman a
huge dictionary.

"But, look here, young man,"
protested the prospective customer,
"there don't seem to be any appen-
dix in this here dictionary. All the
dictionaries I ever saw had an appen-
dix."

The wily book agent thought a
minute and then said:

"Why, my dear sir, this is the lat-
est dictionary. Every late dictio-
nary has the appendix removed."

And the old man was satisfied and
bought the big book at once.

A book has been recently issued in
England called "The Old-Time Par-
son," which tells a large number of
stories, some of which are old but
most of which are good. I quote
a few of them:

"It was Archbishop Magee who
uttered the well-known saying, when
a waiter dropped some hot soup
down his neck:

"Is there any layman present who
will kindly express my feelings?"

The following is told of Bishop
Stubbs:

"A friend of the writer wrote a
guide to Silchester, the ancient
Roman city, and persuaded the
bishop to write a preface to the vol-
ume. Staying at a squire's house,
he was talking to the daughter of
his host and expressed a wish to see
Silchester.

"Have you never seen it?" asked
the young lady. "Why, you wrote
about it!"

"Well, I thought of refusing to
write that preface at first, as I had
not visited the place; but then I re-
flected that many of my cloth have
never been to heaven, and may never
be there, yet they speak about it, so
I consented to write about Silches-
ter."

A bishop of a more sentimental
turn was staying with one of his
country clergy. About the break-
fast hour he heard strains of "Rock
of Ages" sounding through the
house. At the breakfast-table he
remarked how sweetly the hymn
sounded. Then said the vicar's last
born, "That was cook." The bishop
expressed pleasure at the melodies
of the cook. "She always sings 'Rock
of Ages' to boil the eggs," said the
child; "three verses for soft-boiled,
five for hard!"

This reminds one of the story of
the London vicar who liked to have
a hymn sung at family prayers. In
order to interest his servant she al-
lowed them to choose the hymns.

One day his lady complimented the
cook on her selection, and said:

"What a nice hymn you chose."

"Yes, mum; it's the number of
my pol caten!"

Archbishop Trench in his old age
was in constant fear of paralysis.

At a dinner party one evening the
lady whom he took in to dinner
heard him muttering to himself,
"Come at last, come at last; total
insensibility of the right limb."

The lady relieved his mind by saying:
"It may comfort you to learn that
I was my leg which you have been
pinching all this time."

Bishops are very human, says Mr.
Ditchfield in telling a story which
he warns us not to believe. "It is
reported that one of the Bishops was
in a storm at sea. The ship was in
difficulties and the captain said, 'We
must trust to our own resources now.'"
The Prelate is reported to have said:
"Oh! I hope it has not come to that!"
I do not believe the story, nor yet

Continued on page 5

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Home Grown Apples at Clover Bar

There are lots of good farmers in this country, but it is not every one that is noted throughout the country side for some particular phase of agriculture that he has developed along his own special lines. Throughout the Edmonton district, and even further, Thos. Daly, of Clover Bar, is known as the apple man, and a good farmer in general. Mr. Daly left the Emerald Isle and settled in the West over thirty years ago. He knows Alberta as well as anyone, knows what the soil will produce, knows its capacity as well as its limitations, and when he says that apples can be grown there we feel that he knows what he is talking about. But to dispel any doubts, we needed only a visit to the farm and orchard of Mr. Daly to be set aright in this matter of apple growing in Alberta. We not only saw the apples growing on the trees (and this was surely certain proof) but we also sat down to a lunch of apple jelly bread and milk, the first apple jelly made from Alberta grown apples that had ever been our pleasure to eat. This was proof positive that apples can be grown around Edmonton, in fact Mr. Daly feels certain that this fruit can be successfully grown anywhere in the neighborhood of the Beaver Hills; this soil seems to be the best in that part of the province. Not all the soils in this country, perhaps, will grow apples, neither is the climate of all sections such as will permit of the profitable production of apples, but any section which has a growing season as long as that of central Alberta, with summers as free from frost, with a moderate amount of rainfall, and with only a fairly rich soil underlain with a good strong clay sub-soil under such conditions Mr. Daly believes that apples can be grown successfully.

On the occasion of our visit to this orchard, which was on Sept. 5, we saw apples of the Duchess variety, hanging from the boughs in the same old way as they used to hang in the orchard at home. But these were forbidden fruit and our feast was confined to jelly made from the tree mates (we were assured of this) of those still unpicker. There were only a few left on the trees. This small tree bore more than 100 apples this year.

Mr. Daly's system is of his own invention and is most interesting. The trees in the present orchard came from a Montreal nursery, the oldest ones having been set out eight years ago. These trees have now been bearing for four years, every year out of the four, and are as healthy and hardly looking as the trees in a recognized fruit belt, although not so large.

This matter of growth is most important, a vigorous growth being discouraged. When first starting his orchard, Mr. Daly found that his trees grew too fast, the year's growth did not mature, and they consequently suffered from winter killing. It was plain that the way to success in the apple line lay in somehow checking the growth and doing this naturally.

While working with a shipment of trees from the East, preparatory to setting them out, he noticed that their roots were covered with clay. This led to the thought that clay was where they had been grown and where they should be grown, so holes were dug deep in the subsoil and the trees set down in the clay, a place being hollowed out around each tree so that the top soil would not come up higher than it stood in the nursery row. This method gave the best of success, so that it is now used with some variations in planting out all the trees.

In planting out the trees the first thing done is to remove the surface soil from an area perhaps one yard in diameter to the depth of ten or twelve inches. Then a hole is dug in the underlying clay subsoil large enough and deep enough to contain all the roots. In the bottom of this hole are placed two or three rocks half the size of a man's head, these for the purpose of warming up the soil quickly in the spring and in the day time and cooling it off quickly at night. If the subsoil appears to be too rich, some sand is mixed with it before the tree is tamped in. The roots of the trees are, of course, dipped in mud before planting.

Fruit trees in high latitudes must commence growing early and they must also mature early; they need a porous soil, and one not too rich. The system described above seems to give these conditions, at least it gives conditions most favorable for fruit production. Little or no pruning is done, as pruning seems to promote too much growth. A growth of from 8 to 10 inches per year is made, and that seem entirely sufficient. The trees bloom at two years, but no fruit is set under four years of age.

To anyone planting out a new orchard, Mr. Daly advises at the same time the setting out of a good windbreak or putting in the trees behind a bluff. It is not advisable, however, to plant in too new ground. Two or three years' cropping is a good previous treatment for orchard ground.

Last year 50 varieties were set out on May 12 and to date only one is dead, that an Anthony. Some of the best varieties are the Longfield Anthony, Boravinska, Titus, and Duchess. The soil for these must be warm and dry. The wind this year blew off a large amount of the fruit, but these made perfect jelly and apple sauce. Mr. Daly's parting word to us was: "This is an apple country."

There are, besides the apple orchard, many other things of interest on the farm. Banner oats are being experimented with according to the rules of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association. There was a magnificent crop this year, the field standing fully five feet high and heads and berries uniformly large. Hand selection of desirable heads was being made when we visited the place, for seedling the selected seed plots next year. This grain improvement by selection is a most interesting work, and more farmers who have the time should connect themselves with the Association and work for better seed and better crops.

Mr. Daly's idea about farming is that the greatest success lies in intensiveness rather than extensiveness. He has a farm of 320 acres and 100 acres is in fallow this year for the purpose of killing out the weeds, ball mustard principally. A 28 acre field of Turkey Red wheat this year, cut and in stock, added materially to the value of the farm crop. Winter wheat is not generally grown in the Edmonton district as yet although many farmers are getting into it. This will eventually become an important crop here, and may be used advantageously in other places as well. It is an inconvenient crop for some farmers to look after because of their not having fences to keep the stock off in the fall.

Edmonton and the surrounding country have received much at the hands of Mr. Daly. His well kept farm is one of the district's best advertisements, and the exhibits which he has been instrumental in collecting and displaying at the Toronto and Dominion Exhibitions have shown to outsiders a mere glimpse only of what that district can produce. —Nor'West Farmer.

Does Farming in Alberta Pay?

In view of the following statement it is to be wondered at, that the practical farmers of this district are most optimistic and declare this to be the best farming district on the continent of America. Listen to this. In the year 1904, R. D. Bower broke 41 acres of sod and sowed Alberta Red wheat thereon from which the following year he harvested 1845 bushels which he sold for seed at \$1 per bushel. In the spring of 1906 he carefully plowed and sowed this same patch of 41 acres to oats and threshed 2460 bushels in the fall, which he sold for 40 cents per bushel. In the year 1907 he summer-fallowed and sowed Alberta Red about August last. Last week he completed threshing and the field averaged 50 bushels to the acre, which he sold at 75 cents a bushel. The field was surveyed carefully by Mr. Dickenson and was found to contain exactly 41 acres.

Briefly said to the point Mr. Bower realized in four years from this field of 41 acres the sum of \$4376.50, which is made up as follows:

In 1905, 1845 bu. at \$1	- \$1845
In 1906, 2460 bu. at 40	- 984
In 1908, 2050 bu. at 75	- 1537.50
Total	\$4376.50

Or to be more particular, he realized in four years the sum of \$106.25 per acre. In this connection we may state emphatically that this is no fairy tale, but a plain statement made by a man who has no land for sale. If there are any who doubt the above statement Mr. Bower is prepared to back it up with an affidavit.

But to continue, Mr. Bower had a field of 229 acres of Alberta Red which averaged 45 bushels to the acre. The grain is of extra good quality and weighed 65 pounds to the bushel right from the machine. His oat crop is also a record breaker. From 80 acres he received 8,000 bushels of oats which weighed 40 pounds to the bushel. His barley consisting of a few acres did not turn out so well, but from 400 acres in all Mr. Bower garnered the enormous total of 22,000 bushels, from which he will make a net profit, after paying expenses, of over \$10,000. —High River Times.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the venerable chaplain of the United States Senate, called at the State Department recently to see Secretary Root. He had forgotten that it was diplomatic day at the department. When he approached the Secretary's door the colored messenger standing outside said: "Are you a foreign minister?" "No," said the doctor, "I am a domestic minister." He passed on in without further question. Whenever he appears now at the State Department messenger salutes him as "Mr. Domestic Minister" and flings the door open.



A SPECIALIST.

Mistress:—"Bridget, have you emptied the handle on to the waterjing which you dropped yesterday?" Bridget:—"I started to mum, but most unfortunately I dropped the cement bottle."—Punch.

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Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)

remained for the Camrose Mail to drag the most sacred name that is spoken among men into an election appeal. The proprietor of the Mail is the Conservative organizer in Edmonton and Saskatchewan, a fact which makes the paragraph quoted all the more surprising. We all know the circumstances under which the campaign of Messrs Hyndman and Day were launched. What man in his senses would invest them with a religious character any more than he would those of Messrs. Oliver and McIntyre? Many sincere and devout Christians are associated with both parties as well as many to whom the name cannot be made to apply by the greatest stretch of imagination. The fight in these two ridings, as it is throughout the Dominion, is a very human one. The leaders on both sides are in politics because of personal ambition, of varying degrees of worthiness and unworthiness. A considerable proportion of them may think that incidentally they are doing the country much service; but most of them would consider a man either a fool or a knave who suggested that either they or those opposed to them were carrying out a religious mission. The Mail is the kind of journalistic friend that a wise and self-respecting politician would ask to be delivered from.

What has probably been the dirtiest campaign in the political history of the Dominion had now reached its closing hours. So much of the material which has been made to do party service has consisted of attacks and counter-attacks on the personal integrity of opponents that the man who follows politics more because he is interested in ideas rather than individuals is disposed to stand aside from the contest altogether. There is no justification for his doing so however. He has a very serious duty to perform on Monday. As for the scandal cries, the Saturday News has devoted little attention to their consideration. The various charges which were made against the government during the life of the last parliament, investigated at the time they were preferred. Its readers know where it stands in regard to them. As for those which have first been brought forward in the heat of the campaign, experience shows that it is wise to pass them over altogether. No adequate opportunity is given to have them sifted and the fact that they are reserved till the time of the election is an almost certain indication that those who make them are not in a position to face a fair and sober inquiry. The old advice to "beware of roborates" cannot be too insistently given. The charge which was made against the Minister of Public Works the other day comes under this class. Mr. Pugsley has much still to explain and a thorough investigation should follow. But the accuser has nothing like made good his case and it would be manifestly unfair for anyone to let the incident affect his vote on Monday.

Taking the charges against the government as a whole, we are strictly within the truth when we say that, though its skirts are by no means wholly clean, the large majority of the accusations that are made against it are based upon misrepresentation. Before the writs were issued the Saturday News devoted a great deal of space to showing that the case presented by Mr. Ames on his western tour was nothing like the strong one that those who listened to him and did not take the trouble to find out what defence had been offered would be led to believe. An incident has cropped up in the course of the campaign which has served to strengthen what the Saturday News said on that occasion. It will be remembered what stress Mr. Ames laid upon what he described as the Robbins deal at Medicine Hat. A few weeks ago, the council and Board of Trade of that city, on which are leaders in both parties, passed resolutions strongly approving of the arrangement and asking that the Robbins company be treated with as much liberality as possible. The Conservative candidate in that constituency has assumed this position as well. When Mr. Ames was in Medicine Hat this part of his lecture was omitted. Yet, while the district which is affected by the arrangement strongly

approves of it, it is made to do duty as a scandal in the rest of the Dominion.

In meeting the charges against the government, a large section of the Liberal press has laid strong emphasis on the records of men prominent in the Conservative ranks. The *tu quo que* argument is seldom an effective one, but the fact that one of the leaders in the Opposition campaign was a man with the record of Hon. G. E. Foster, to whom the Toronto News, the Montreal Star, and even the Edmonton Journal not long ago referred in language which was far from flattering, has undoubtedly been a source of weakness to Mr. Borden. Many of those who are disposed to believe the administration a great deal worse than we hold it has been shown to be, must argue that a change, if it involves the placing of a man with the record of Mr. Foster, in the position of Minister of Finance and chief lieutenant to the Premier can hardly be in the public interests.

The whole of this feature of the campaign simply serves to strengthen us in the opinion, admirably expressed the other day by Mr. Henry Dally, who was the chief Conservative organizer in 1900 and who is now running as an independent in Montreal.

"The quinquennial slawbawging which always breaks out before a Dominion election," said Mr. Dally, "has been organized and systematized this time, to such an extent that it is calculated to defame the character, and injure the financial credit of the country. I think that some of the gentlemen who solemnly announce that purity is the chief plank in their party platform are doing themselves an injustice. To speak of purity as a party policy is suggestive of nothing so much as a tentative trial of an unfamiliar virtue."

This must be the opinion of anyone who has followed the campaign with anything like an open mind. Having reached it, he will turn to the real issues that have come to the front. With these we have dealt at considerable length in recent weeks. In another part of this paper a few are further considered. The West is vitally interested in two things which have been under discussion, the tariff and the railway policy. The Saturday News is for a low tariff, first, last and all the time. It has given particular attention to this issue and it cannot see how, with Conservative leaders in the east appealing to protectionist sentiment and even the most prominent Conservative running in the west, Mr. Dally, the former Minister of the Interior, declaring for a strongly protective tariff, there is any hope of resistance from that party to the demands of the Manufacturers' Association. On the other hand, while it is true that there are many influences at work within the Liberal party to bring about an increase of our fiscal burdens, the Liberal members from the West have exerted a very powerful influence in stemming the movement which from time to time has become so strong in the older provinces and that the hope of the low tariff man lies in strengthening their hands.

As for the country's railway policy, we do not believe that it is necessary to describe to western citizens, and particularly those living in the part of the West where the Saturday News is published, what the Grand Trunk Pacific enterprise is going to mean to the country. If a change of government at the present time is to make it more difficult to carry that great enterprise to a speedy conclusion, it is difficult to conceive how anyone who has his interests tied up with the West, could wish for such an event. We declared on this page a week ago our belief that there was such a danger. When one of the most prominent Conservatives of the West, the Attorney-General of Manitoba, makes such a speech as that which he delivered at Selkirk, accusing the Grand Trunk of being a drag on the country, of having a long record of incompetency which should have prevented the government of Canada from entrusting such an enterprise to it, of having built the line where it was not needed and where it would never pay expenses in a hundred years, has the man who believes in this country of his adoption and who wishes to see the new era which to his mind this new transcontinental is bound to introduce hastened as much as possible, not very far from the great alarm over the possible effects of the transfer of the control of the situation from the



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men who made the arrangements with the Grand Trunk to those of whom Attorney-General of Manitoba is representative. We must not forget how easily capital takes fright. Conservative newspapers have been saying that a considerable element of Grand Trunk shareholders wish to withdraw from the transcontinental enterprise. Would it be at all wonderful if they did this on finding that the government of the country had passed into the hands of men who said that the line on which they had spent so much money already was no good and that in a hundred years, they could not expect to receive any returns on their investment. Naturally outsiders believe that the governing body of a country speaks for the people. Does Mr. Campbell of Manitoba speak for the electors of Alberta? As for the Hudson's Bay project that is again referred to elsewhere in this issue.

We have set forth as concisely as possible why we believe a change of government at the present stage would be detrimental to the best interests of the Dominion. Apart from matters of policy, we have to consider the men between whom the electors will choose on Monday for the position of a minister of the Crown in Canada. We believe that both are mentally and morally fully worthy of the high office and capable of the highest order of statesmanship. Both stand for what is best in their respective parties. There is this, however, that can be said for Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he impresses his character upon the organization of which he is the head to an extent which Mr. Borden has never done and which we believe he never can do. The reason is that the latter is lacking in some of the qualities which make for political success. Place him in office, leave him untrammelled and there is little doubt that his course would be such as to reflect honor upon and contribute not a little to the advancement of the country. But administration is not an academic pursuit. To make a success of it a man must be a natural leader of men.

Both at home and abroad, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been a splendid figure. When the history of the past decade in Canada comes to be written, there will be no doubt, and no room for argument given more attention than the great advance which the cause of national unity has made. Our wars of race against race have been the curse of the Dominion in the past. A great change has been brought about in recent years, however, which is due almost solely to the fact that we have had at the head of our affairs a man of French origin, who has disarmed "prejudice by the breadth of his Canadianism, by the distinguished part which he has been able to play in the affairs of the Empire at large and by the very substantial contribution which he has made to the imperial cause. To the Saturday News he appears too great a Canadian for it to be good policy for the Dominion, at this stage in its career, to dismiss from the post that he has adorned for twelve years back.

The Journal has this to say in reply to the comment of The Saturday News on the Hudson's Bay project in its last issue:

"The attention of the News is directed to the declaration on the subject by Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, that no other way could be devised whereby the grain of the west could be taken out of the country except by the Transcontinental. The attention of the News may also be called to the fact that during

the discussion of this project in the House, Sir Wilfrid Laurier remained dumb as an oyster, and while Mr. Oliver spoke, he studiously avoided laying down any policy with respect to the proposal.

The following extract from one of Mr. Borden's speeches still further emphasized the difference in the attitude of the leaders. Mr. Borden said: "In my opinion the Hudson's Bay railroad should be built by the government immediately and under such conditions as would ensure absolute and thorough control of the rates to be paid by the farmers of the west."

"The records of Hansard show further, as the Calgary Herald points out, that Mr. McCarthy, M.P., urged upon the government the very policy in the construction of the Hudson's Bay railway that the government has now pretended to adopt. Every evidence connected with the history of this great enterprise from 1885 up to the present time shows that it has been consistently supported by the Conservatives and consistently opposed or ignored by the Liberals. Now, when the clock is just striking midnight for the Laurier government, a vote of \$100,000 for "preliminary surveys" is brought down, though there is no evidence of intention to really go ahead with the road; and the government, to catch western votes, comes out with a "hurrah" for the Hudson's Bay road. Such tactics are not likely to catch the favor of a western voter, who like the man from Missouri, requires to be shown before he can be trapped."

The statement of Mr. Fielding referred to is evidently that which was contained in a news item given great prominence on the front page of Saturday's Journal. The part of it dealing with the Hudson's Bay scheme is as follows:

"Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, in speaking at Calcutta last night gave a black eye to Oliver's campaign in the west on the Hudson's Bay railway. The minister in discussing railway matters said: "A good friend speaking to me today said: 'Mr. Fielding, can you guarantee that the grain traffic of the West will be brought to Halifax by this Transcontinental railway?' I replied: 'No one can guarantee any thing of the kind. All that can be done in any such case is to provide the best possible facilities and then look for the trade. This, however, I can safely say, that if the traffic from the West cannot be brought to Halifax by this route for shipment then it cannot be brought by any other line than can be devised.'"

The report of Mr. Fielding's speech shows the folly of the Journal's first reference to him. He did not say that no other way could be devised of getting grain out of the country except by the transcontinental. What he did say, according to the Journal's own account, was that by no other route could any of this traffic be taken to Halifax—a very different thing. No one has suggested that all the grain of the west would go out by way of Hudson's Bay. That route would afford a very great relief but there would still be traffic for eastern ports and naturally Halifax wishes a share of it. The campaign must have had a serious effect on the editorial brain when it can be seen in Mr. Fielding's speech "a black eye to Oliver's campaign in the West on the Hudson's Bay railway." The heading over this article in the Journal read: "Liberals promise East grain will go by way of Halifax and West Hudson's Bay route." We leave it to the intelligent reader if this is borne out by the portion of Mr. Fielding's speech that is quoted. In fact, the Minister of Finance was very explicit in stating that no guarantee as to the amount of trade that Halifax would secure could be given. How can his words be construed as giving a "promise"?

As to the failure of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Oliver to discuss

the Hudson's Bay project. It is not the habit of members of a cabinet to air their individual opinions on an important matter of public policy, before the cabinet as a whole decides what action it is to take. Such a course would be completely at variance with accepted ideas of British constitutional practice.

It was unnecessary for the Journal to quote what Mr. Borden had said. His declaration was noted on this page a week ago. What we would like to know is whether the opinion which he expresses is purely a personal one or is that of the party of which he is the leader. We contend that the public has a right to receive some assurance on this and several other points, on which it finds Mr. Borden, and many of his followers, when he sees its leader and very important elements in the ranks, advancing different ideas, as for instance in respect to the Hudson's Bay project just referred to. Such disagreement is bound to be a source of weakness. When, however, a further step is taken and we find the sectional prejudices of one set of electors being appealed to, they being asked to support the party on grounds which are the reverse of those which are made to do service in another part of the country, right thinking citizens will call a sharp halt. We all know that during the life of this last parliament the most desperate attack made upon the government was that in connection with the schools of these two new provinces. Because of its legislation, the government was represented to the electors of North Oxford and London as under the control of the Roman

with the project in any case. Well, we have its definite promise and a definite plan set forth which it proposes to follow. The chances of the party at the next general election would not be very bright in this part of the Dominion if nothing further were done. All that the man who attaches great importance to this project can do is to examine the position of the two parties to decide which of them gives the better guarantee for the speedy realization of the hopes so long cherished by westerners of being placed in close touch with Europe.

The average elector wants to know just where a party stands. He cannot help distrusting its efficiency as an instrument of government when he sees its leader and very important elements in the ranks, advancing different ideas, as for instance in respect to the Hudson's Bay project just referred to. Such disagreement is bound to be a source of weakness. When, however, a further step is taken and we find the sectional prejudices of one set of electors being appealed to, they being asked to support the party on grounds which are the reverse of those which are made to do service in another part of the country, right thinking citizens will call a sharp halt. We all know that during the life of this last parliament the most desperate attack made upon the government was that in connection with the schools of these two new provinces. Because of its legislation, the government was represented to the electors of North Oxford and London as under the control of the Roman

(Continued on page 8)

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These watches are Waltham movement, guaranteed for 10 years; semi-hunting case. Value, \$25.00 each.
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Everyone may try simply think of a suitable last line to the Limerick and send in accordance with the rules.

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To enjoy all your meals as you should
You must use Holbrook's Sauce, it's so good,
With soup, game, and fish,
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I agree to abide by the decision of the Committee of Judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

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1.—Cut out coupon above and write on your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
2.—Send with coupon a Limerick the outside paper a wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
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HOLBROOK'S SAUCE can be obtained at any good grocery, and adds enjoyment to any meal—it is not too hot nor the heat of the bottle, but "just right" all through.

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A curious phase of the contest in the States, an eastern paper points out, is the disfavor with which the news is received throughout the country that Mr. Taft plays golf. It is admitted by his friends that his golf playing tells heavily against him. Henry Littlefield West, writing in the Forum ascribes this to the serious mind which is not so much swept over by the Republic. "Can there be," he asks, "anything more harmless than Mr. Taft's indulgence in the game of golf, an exercise which assists him in reducing his surplusage of flesh, and which is a healthy, out-door recreation?" Notwithstanding this, it is a fact that in certain rural sections Mr. Taft's golf playing is viewed with disfavor, because golf is there regarded as a gambling game, and the spectacle of a presidential candidate thus frittering away his time is regarded as improper. Of course golf is not a gambling game, and the prejudice against the sport is confined wholly to those who know nothing about it. But the game and its merits cannot be explained to the agriculturists before the elections - to remove their prejudices against the game it would be necessary to give each one of them a club and a ball and send them over a course, which would require in national calamity, for most of them would abandon agriculture and turn their farms into links. Let Mr. Taft not be condemned because he plays golf. The game is played only by philosophers and fools. Among his devotees are a few wise men and a great multitude of the foolish. The charm of the game is that while engaged in it the wise man ceases to be oppressed by his wisdom, and the fool ceases to be afflicted by his folly. The game is a respector of persons. It humbles the mighty and exalts the lowly. Should the worst happen, Mr. Taft may find comfort in the words imputed to Mr. Balfour: "I'd rather play scratch at St. Andrew's, than be Prime Minister."

The Edmonton Rugby players have organized during the past week, though at the time of writing, the weather doesn't make it appear as if there would be any football season this year. The change from baseball to hockey conditions is altogether too sudden. However, there are hopes that before this reaches the eye of the reader, a change will have taken place. A game has been arranged with a combined team from Calgary. The officers announced are: President, W. A. Griesbach; vice presidents, C. W. Cross, P. Hardisty, Harold Brunton, and Richard Seord; manager, K. S. Taylor; committee, R. H. Stinson, S. S. Franklin, and C. Wilson. Challenges are being issued to St. John's, Alberta College, Fort Saskatchewan Mounted Police, Y.M.C.A. and Caledonians.

The question of what rules will be followed in Alberta rugby has yet to be decided. Opinion now seems to be swinging in favor of those in force in the eastern intercollegiate league. I think this is a mistake for reasons set forth at some length in this department a year ago. British Columbia plays the English rules and the best of Alberta will have a chance of securing will be with teams from that province and teams from Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain, which are on their way through the country. If there was a generally recognized Canadian game, it might be all right to adopt it. But in eastern cities two altogether different types of football are played by the various leagues. It always seemed to me that a serious error was committed when Canadian footballers decided at all from the English practice. These games should be a bond between different parts of the Empire. No Canadian cricket was suggested making cricket rules for Canada. Why should it be different with football?

It is not a little interest to learn that the man who heads the bowling averages in England is J. B. King of the team which went over to Philadelphia. An 38 over and 3 balls, he captured 87 wickets. An English letter says, "which means that on an average he dismissed someone every fourth over. His victims were obtained at an average cost of 11.01. Now it is true that he had to suffer the fatigue of a long season when he must leave his mark upon the strongest of mortals; it is true that most of the counties pitted comparatively weak teams against the Philadelphians; but in spite of it all King's merit as a bowler stand out undimmed. It is not merely by the results of his bowling that he is to be judged; it is by the way in which these results were achieved. When we knew him

first more than a dozen years ago, he was a very fast bowler with a very pronounced average—a more pronounced average than possessed by any other living cricketer—and very little artifice. He still has that pronounced average, but it is no longer a fast bowler. He is better than that. He is a "pace" bowler with many tricks up his sleeve. He has modified speed and developed cunning. He can bowl with a very fast ball but he keeps it in reserve. It comes out suddenly and unexpectedly. Often it is a Yorker delivered at once to a new batsman, frequently with disastrous results. Then there are slight, well-disguised changes of pace, and well controlled breaks and a ready eye for a batsman's weaknesses. And with it all there is a perplexing swerve, and the sudden dash. A great bowler!"

All of which should serve to show what can be done by a man who sticks to the game, even in America. Longbat's himself again. In the Ward Marathon race at Toronto two weeks ago he won easily from some two hundred competitors, being 2 minutes ahead of the next man in completing the course of 19 1/2 miles. Since the Olympic games many have thought that the Indian's career was a closed book. Evidently not. Incidentally it looks as if Art. Barstow, the man he was beaten by, at Ottawa this week he was beaten by 150 yards in an eight mile race by a young fellow named Tobo, who started running only this year.

COVER POINT.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Clarence J. Bullett in the Indianapolis Star has written the following poem on the play which has been the sensation of the season in New York: "THE DEVIL."

Robbed of the odors of the brim stone pit,
His hoofs and horns and sting all laid aside

Assuasive masquerading, only fit
To frighten children; laughing,

This new relentless, cynic devil walks
Along the glittering social ways of men;

First, as the polished gentleman he talks,
And leads his victims suavely on, and then—

Of sudden he the mastery assumes—
The iron mastery of remorseless fate—

Before the victim's eyes the vision looms
Of yawning midnight pits, too late! too late!

Molnar, the truth is here, yet tingered with lies
Your devil's creed analysis defies!

To Edmonton theatre-goers special interest attaches to the play by reason of the fact that the Devil is being played in one of the productions now running in New York, by Mr. George Arliss, whose splendid work with Mrs. Fiske on the occasion of her visit here last year will not soon be forgotten. The conception of his satanic majesty arrayed in the garb of the drawing room rather than in that in which he is usually presented is bound to make a wonderful appeal.

The city has this week welcomed back to the city some old friends, Pollard's Lilliputians, who held the boards at the Edmonton Opera House for the first four nights. The lapse of two years has brought great changes to the majority. The only exceptions are the Heintz twins. They are no bigger than they were when they first made their bow to an Edmonton audience and they are certainly quite as genuine little comedians as ever. Toddy McNamara has approached the stage when he can look forward to the cultivation of a bass voice but he is none the less dead. The role of "The Toy Maker" gave him his biggest opportunity during the engagement and confirmed the impression which was long ago formed that he was bound to become a big figure in the comic opera world. Other "old" favorites were Miss Ivy Pollard, a charming little girl who has advanced far enough to take the part of Lady Holyrood in "Florinda," which she did to perfection, Miss Irene Finlay and Miss Eva Pollard, who as Arthur Donagel and Frank Alceored respectively sang and acted with great spirit. The latter's "Oh my Dolores" on Monday night was splendidly sung. Miss Rose McGarlick, a recruit to the Pollard forces, made a sprightly Dolores. The opera was full of good things from first to last. "Tell me Pretty Maiden" chorus could not have been better. "We Parted on the Shore" by one of the

smaller boys and "I've a heart to let" by one of the smaller girls were both charming. The singing of "I want to be a military-ary," as well as the solos in the first act by the same young lady were genuine treats.

On Tuesday "The Belle of New York," and on Wednesday "A Runaway Girl" in both of which the company was seen here two years ago, were given, while "The Toy Maker" closed the engagement on Thursday.

The following from the London Musical News, re the musical exhibits at the Franco-British Exhibition, should be gratifying to our national pride:

"Really partly as the French section of the music is, it far surpasses the British section. But if a faint blush of shame mingles the Briton's cheek as he leaves the French department, it is deepened when he enters Canada. That a large country like France should have so many better talents, but here is one of our own colonies, which surpasses us. In the number of exhibits, and the way in which they are displayed, Canada leaves the Mother Country far in the rear. Pianos are shown by Nordheimer, of Toronto and others. The Nordheimer pianos, in particular, need fear no comparison, as far as uprightness go, with any competitor, and it is a matter for congratulation that such excellent instruments are manufactured in Canada. The chief point in which Canadian, like American, pianos are lacking is in their cases; possibly they suit the transatlantic taste, but refined beauty of design is conspicuously by its absence."

Mr. George H. Suckling, Second street, Edmonton, the Alberta representative for the Nordheimer pianofortes, is highly pleased with the foregoing important opinion of the instruments he represents.

Guy Standing, the actor, who has been missing since July, from New York, has been found in London, by agents of Klaw and Erlanger. He says, according to a cablegram received, that he had forgotten that he was to play again this season.

"The Right of Way," in which he was seen last winter and which had his premier performance in Montreal. It is declared by Mr. Standing that he blames the part of Charles Steele in the dramatized version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel for his forgetfulness.

In the play Charles Steele pretends many times that he has lost his memory. Night after night, all last season, Mr. Standing played the part until from mere pretence a loss of memory became an actuality. Mr. Standing said in London (today just before he sailed for New York on the Atlantic) that he had really forgotten all about his engagement to play in "The Right of Way," and he never recalled it until one of the many cablegrams which were sent out by Klaw and Erlanger reached him.

When rehearsals for "The Right of Way" started, Mr. Standing's absence caused little comment. When days went by and he did not put in an appearance Messrs Klaw and Erlanger became anxious. Inquiries developed the fact that he had sailed for Europe in July, but no one knew where he was.

Messages of all sorts were sent abroad and one finally reached Mr. Standing. He was in the little village of Brinkley, near Torquay, Devonshire, when he wrote his bankers in London. They immediately forwarded a message to him which had been sent in their care. Then, for the first time, Mr. Standing recalled that he was engaged to play in "The Right of Way" again. He packed hurriedly and in an automobile started for Southampton. His machine broke down and he missed the Mauretania by a few hours. He sailed on the Asiatic.

It will be good news to the public to learn that the Jeanne Russell Co. have chosen the play "The Devil," referred to at the head of this column, as the closing bill for their long engagement next week at the Dominion theatre. This talented organization has done a great deal to bring Edmonton into touch with the twentieth century drama, many of the most recent New York successes being given most satisfactory productions by them. Next week they should be greeted by packed houses night after night.

This week they are presenting Ethel Barrymore's "Cousin Kate." As was to be expected, Miss Russell is here given perhaps the best opportunity of any that has yet fallen to her lot. Her art reminds one very strongly of Miss Barrymore's. The comparison between a great star and the leading lady of an Edmonton Stock Company may seem to some far-fetched, but certainly not to any who have had the pleasure of seeing

Miss Russell week after week during the past summer. No matter whether she returns to us often or seldom, she will always hold a warm place in the hearts of local theatre-goers.

THE ALLEN COMPANY HIGH IN FAVOR.

With the theatre season commencing Monday night, running for three nights, with Wednesday matinee, the Allen Company will present at the Opera House a stirring society drama which will be one of the strongest attractions the house has ever sheltered. This is "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Channing Pollock, being a dramatization of William Nicholson's famous novel, considered one of the strongest and most realistic of society dramas. The play is told in four acts, and requires elaborate scenery and many mechanical effects. This play was produced for one night only by the Allen Company on their previous visit and as a packed house, Manager Yule of the Opera House has had several requests that this play be repeated. The play will be produced in an appropriate manner, and that it will be well played, everyone knows who has seen the Allen Company during their previous engagement here. The following three nights, Thursday, Friday and Saturday and matinee, one of the latest huge successes, namely "The Heir to the Throne," now running in the Eastern cities. This great drama is the latest pronounced success. The Allen Company, numbering 16 people, are prepared to give Edmontonians the latest, and the best, only seen by first class companies.

The Lounge.

(Continued from page 2)

that other one of a very hard work, bishop to whom the specialist said:

"You will be in heaven in three months unless you go abroad and take a rest."

When I'll go abroad at once," the bishop was said to have replied.

Here is an instance of the ready wit of Canon Parkinson, of Manchester, who sat at a Student's Debating Society at St. Bocs. "One of the debaters, in a very excited manner and with strong indignation in his tones, inquired:

"What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race of prelates and Church dignitaries, rolling about in their carriages and living in their palatial residences?"

"Well," replied the canon, with a merry glance, "I should think that he would have remarked that things in the Church are decidedly looking up."

Apart from stories of the clergy, the laity contribute many good points to Mr. Ditchfield's pages:

"One farmer once asked his neighbor, 'What is a visitation?' and received the strange reply:

"Parsons all meet together to swap sermons."

"Well," replied the farmer, "if that's so, I'm sure our man always gets the worst of the exchange."

One of the archdeacon's duties is to admit the churchwardens to their important office, and formerly they used to take an oath of obedience, for which now, I believe, a declaration has been substituted. This oath has troubled some people who have thought that their duty as one of them, like the farmer, asked what was an archdeacon's visitation, and was informed:

"Oh! the archdeacon comes to swear at the churchwardens!"

"I'm not surprised," was the quaint rejoinder.

Sometimes church officials are over conscious of the dignity of their importance, and even their wives are not without a sense of reflected glory. On one occasion a new churchwren's wife came late to church, just when the people were rising from their knees. She smiled genially and said, "Oh, pray don't rise for me. I don't expect it."

And here is a fine anecdote among those relating to church music:

"The anthem, as I have said, was often the cause of many troubles. Mr. Fowler told a Devonshire story of the days of stringed instruments. The clerk gave out the anthem, 'Who is the King of Glory?' In the pause which followed a voice was heard throughout the church, 'Here, Tom, hand up the rosin; we'll soon let 'em know who's the King of Glory!'"

HUMAN NATURE LOVE PROBLEMS.

It is a strange and unexplained fact that nearly all healthy human beings are fond of solving problems—from the lightest conundrum to the weightiest scientific experiment.

This fact is further proved by the remarkable success which has so far attended Holbrook's Limerick prize distribution, particulars of which are advertised on another page in this issue.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Sittings of the District Court of the District of Edmonton

The sittings of the District Court of the District of Edmonton during the year 1909 will be held at the places and on the dates given below for the trial of actions and the disposal of any civil business which may properly be brought before the said Court.

EDMONTON: Commencing: Monday, January 25th.

Monday, February 22nd.

Monday, March 22nd.

Monday, April 19th.

Tuesday, May 25th.

Monday, June 21st.

Monday, September 20th.

Monday, October 25th.

Monday, November 22nd.

Monday, December 13th.

STRATHCONA: Monday, January 18th.

Tuesday, April 15th.

Tuesday, September 7th.

Wednesday, November 10th.

ST. ALBERT: Tuesday, February 2nd.

Tuesday, May 4th.

Tuesday, September 14th.

Tuesday, December 7th.

MORINVILLE: Wednesday, January 3rd.

Wednesday, May 5th.

Wednesday, September 15th.

Thursday, December 8th.

WABAMUNG: Tuesday, February 16th.

Tuesday, May 18th.

Tuesday, October 19th.

LAC STE ANNE: Wednesday, February 17th.

Wednesday, May 19th.

Wednesday, October 20th.

S. B. WOODS, Deputy Attorney-General.

Dated October 19th, 1908.

TOFIELD: Tuesday, January 12th.

Tuesday, April 13th.

Wednesday, October 6th.

STONY PLAIN: Tuesday, February 2nd.

Tuesday, May 4th.

Tuesday, November 2nd.

SPRUE GROVE: Wednesday, February 3rd.

Wednesday, May 5th.

Wednesday, November 3rd.

MILLET: Tuesday, February 16th.

Tuesday, May 18th.

Thursday, September 2nd.

Tuesday, November 16th.

LEDUC: Wednesday, February 17th.

Wednesday, May 19th.

Friday, September 3rd.

Wednesday, November 17th.

FOUR SASKATCHEWAN: Tuesday, March 2nd.

Tuesday, June 3rd.

Tuesday, September 14th.

Tuesday, November 30th.

VERGIVILLE: Thursday, March 4th.

Thursday, June 4th.

Wednesday, September 15th.

Thursday, December 2nd.

LLOYDMINSTER: Tuesday, March 16th.

Tuesday, June 15th.

Tuesday, September 28th.

Thursday, December 7th.

VERMILION: Thursday, March 18th.

Thursday, June 17th.

Thursday, September 30th.

Thursday, December 9th.

INNISFREE: Wednesday, March 17th.

Wednesday, June 16th.

Wednesday, September 29th.

Wednesday, December 8th.

ATHABASCA LANDING: Tuesday, January 19th.

Tuesday, October 12th.

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Dated October 19th, 1908.

The

Saturday News

A welcome week-end visitor to hundreds of Alberta homes.

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"Causes and An Effect" A Short Story

They met in Atlantis, a garden city in the county of Kent.

He was a young Canadian, with clear blue eyes—eyes as blue as the prairie skies in mid-July—a fair skin, tanned brown, and a frank, ingenious smile; a man of few words and "horse sense," well satisfied with himself, but keenly alive to new impressions.

She was an English girl, with a reserved manner, a melancholy expression, and all the possibilities of beauty and charm repressed or neglected. Her heavy, brown hair was always twisted into a hard knot under the shadow of a black ribbon bow, her dresses were badly cut and invariably made of dark material, the dull word "serviceable" seeming to be printed on every breath; she rarely smiled; her eyes were the eyes of a woman, quick, incisive, but her manner was those of a shy, slightly bored woman.

She was the youngest daughter of Professor Dicey, and he was Mr. Herbert Mayne, of Fort Mayne, British Columbia. Professor Dicey had been the school and college friend of Herbert's father, which explains the reason of the young man's appearance at Atlantis.

"My dad told me to root you out," he had cheerfully told the professor, "just to let you know that he wasn't planted yet, and he hoped that you were, also on the sunny side of the turf."

The professor elongated his lips—he was a dry, learned man, with no sense of humor—and trusted the son of his old friend would make himself at home. He feared Atlantis had few attractions to offer to the ordinary tourist. It was the heaven of deep study and hard work.

"That's all right, Professor," said Herbert Mayne, "I can make myself at home most anywhere. Don't you worry about me."

"I regret that neither Mrs. Dicey nor my elder daughter are Atlantis," added the host. "Their interests lie in other directions. They pay me occasional visits."

But Miss Eulalia is a permanent boarder," added Herbert, glancing at the silent girl. "Two-thirds of her time is spent in Atlantis," said the Professor.

Herbert glanced at Miss Eulalia. She made him curious. There was a subtle attraction in her quiet, aloof manner. He was known, in Fort Mayne, as "the most popular boy in town," and Miss Eulalia's apparent indifference piqued his vanity. He mistook her painful shyness and diffidence for pride. He found himself, on the third day of his visit, getting a little nervous in her presence. He was under the impression that she was clever, and, in his own words, "a breezy boy is always scared of a brainy girl."

"How do you like working on the land, Miss Eulalia," asked Herbert, when he began his gardening on the morning of the sixth day.

"It is a healthy occupation, Mr. Mayne," she replied. "I always work under my father's direction. We grow our own fruit and vegetables."

"Don't you go in for flowers," asked Herbert.

"My father does not care for flowers," replied Eulalia.

"So you're nothing of a botanist, eh?"

"The science which treats of plants. Oh, yes, I've studied botany; but I never connect it with flowers."

"My word! Isn't it the same thing?"

"Perhaps it was the amusement in his voice, perhaps it was his keen, curious glance, and perhaps it was only the unconscious appeal of youth to youth, but Eulalia suddenly blushed scarlet and answered freely:

"No! It isn't the same thing at all. Botany is dry and ridiculous lists of words that make one's head ache—but flowers are lovely and indescribable. I didn't discover that until we came to the country."

"I have made a discovery myself since I came to the country," said Herbert quickly.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up into his face.

"That you are lovely and indescribable yourself—do you know it?"

For a full five seconds they looked into each other's eyes, bewildered with the sudden emotion that his words had awakened, and then a faint smile hovered over his lips.

"Why did you say that? Is it true?"

"I swear it is!"

"What is the use of being lovely?" she asked.

"The use?" he repeated wonderingly. "I don't understand you."

"My father finds a use in every thing," said Eulalia. "He says utility is the motive cause of all things. Perhaps you never think of Cause and Effect?"

"Can't say I do."

The girl's expression puzzled him. It was like a child's trying to find words to explain a troublesome lesson.

"I have always been taught to consider the subject," she continued slowly. "I have lived all my life under the shadow of a word and then brought it out with a burst."

"For instance—?" said Herbert.

"Well, my father believes in the Cause of Education and Utility."

My mother has many Causes. When I was a child it was physical culture. She gave me a little hammer, I remember, on my seventh birthday. What do you think it was for?"

"To hit your poor little thumbs?" he suggested.

"No, to break the ice in my bath," he suggested.

"Anyway, it's all over now," he said consolingly.

"Is it?" cried Eulalia. "Mother believes in Dress Reform. Look at me! I never wear anything pretty, and I love hats."

"Why don't you make a break and rig yourself out?" asked Herbert.

"I have no money."

"Say you're bluffing! Not a single dollar to call your own?"

"Not a shilling," she answered grimly. "My sisters get a small allowance because they have learned to spend it with discretion. Emelie believes in the Temperance Cause."

Adela goes in for Food Reform. My father is an ardent strategist, but none of the others agree with her tactics, so they quarrel about it all day long."

"Pleasant family!" observed Herbert.

"You think we're horrid?" she asked, with a return to her usual manner. "I don't know why I said these things. It was very wrong of me, but you looked so kind—"

"My dear child!" exclaimed Herbert.

He took her hand, in its big ungainly glove, and held it in both of his own. She resisted for second, and then her little fingers curled round his, quickly tightly, and were pulled away. She turned towards the house without a word, and was gone.

The weeks which followed were the most amazing and beautiful weeks of Eulalia's girlhood. She awakened to the possibility of happiness, realizing her own youth in the joys of companionship—friendship—love.

Herbert Mayne, quick and decisive in anything he did, made no secret of his infatuation; but the idea of such a contingency did not enter Professor Dicey's head. He looked upon his daughter as a mere child, and the Canadian as a young barbarian, who had to be tolerated for the sake of an old friendship.

The more she saw of Herbert Eulalia appreciated his strength of character and innate sincerity. He taught her to see the brightness of the world, learning himself to value the undeveloped depth of her affectionate nature.

It was not until the arrival of Mrs. Dicey, bubbling over with the Cause of the Simple Life, with a jarring note broke into the melody of that rare summer. Eulalia had not expected her mother. When that lady tramped into the garden gate—the cult of simplicity compelled her to carry her own bag and a couple of rugs for sleeping out of doors—she found the girl sitting under the trees, with a strange young man stretched at her feet.

Eulalia sprang up and threw her arms round her mother's neck.

"Herbert Mayne—my mother," she said, trying to capture the rugs and bag—"I'm so pleased to see you, dear!"

Mrs. Dicey was a woman of quick perception. She glanced from Eulalia to the blue-eyed Westerner. "Eulalia," she said severely, "where is your usual composure? What has become of your simplicity?"

Eulalia—take off that hat!" Tears rushed into the girl's eyes. Herbert saw, with a pang of rage, how her sensitive mouth quivered as she silently obeyed her mother's command. It was a hat of the Westerner's—a broad-brimmed cowboy hat of fine grey felt; through the narrow silk band, on the left side she had thrust a scarlet quill, and on the right was a handful of flaming red poppies.

"I am astounded!" said Mrs. Dicey, glaring at the brilliant array of millinery," observed Herbert.

A great idea flashed into the girl's mind. She touched the poppies, as she slowly drew them out of the silk band, with caressing fingers.

"In future, my dear, you will regard yourself as a member of the no-hat brigade," said Mrs. Dicey.

Her daughter did not answer. Her mind was revolving round the Great Idea.

Herbert Mayne, on the day following Mrs. Dicey's return, made a formal proposal to the professor and his wife for the hand of Eulalia. He was firmly, coldly, deliberately refused, and took the refusal, as he had taken the other big events of his life, calmly and cheerfully.

"I'm young," he said, "and Eulalia's younger. There is no need to rush. Give me time to work. If she is true to me, I swear I'll be true to her."

On the day that Herbert left Atlantis, while Professor and Mrs. Dicey were still congratulating themselves on the departure of a man without a Cause, Eulalia announced she was going to London. It was her intention to hire a room where her sister Janet lived—Janet was the rabid Socialist of the family—and try to earn her own living.

The professor was indignant, but his wife was delighted.

"I knew you would weary of an ideal life, spent in luxury!" she exclaimed. "When did you hear the call, my child? What are you going to do?"

Eulalia answered, with flushed cheeks, coolly and deliberately: "I am going to trim hats."

"What?" cried Prof. Dicey, in amazement.

"It is the only talent I possess," said Eulalia, still very bravely. "I hope to become a milliner."

"Miserable girl!" gasped her mother. "Have you no hope for humanity? Have you no ideals? Have you no ambition?"

"Yes," said Eulalia. "I love humanity and I love Herbert Mayne. My ideal is to be happy and independent. My ambition is to make a perfect hat."

Eulalia Dicey, breathing the air of freedom and filled with the hopes of youth, rapidly developed into a clever woman of business. Her family's outlook changed with her success, as is the way of family outlooks, from strong disapproval to amused tolerance, and from amused tolerance to inward pride. It was hard work and she had many disappointments, but her taste and originality, even in the days of her apprenticeship, marked her as an artist in all she did.

Her sister Janet, biding the hour of realized Simplicity, became her partner. They engaged a couple of rooms, about two years after Eulalia's emancipation, at the top of a house in the West End. Janet, who was very much older and very economical, interviewed the customers and kept her accounts, leaving Eulalia free to give her whole attention to the creation of hats.

It was summer once again when Herbert Mayne, following at last his numberless simple and devoted letters, read the brief message on a small brass plate, "Eulalia. Hat."

He climbed the stairs to Eulalia's showroom. Curiosity, excitement, delight, even a touch of dread, made him pause at the door. He thought of the nervous, inexperienced girl he had left behind, and he found it impossible to reconcile the remembrance of her simplicity and helplessness with the clever achievements of the firm of Eulalia. Herbert himself was little changed, and when he entered the room it was with all his old self-assurance.

Sunlight glowed through the delicately shaded windows; the coloring of the walls was pale and artistic; there were two or three easels—terrace—on white stands, and big bowls of flowers.

A lady was standing in the centre of the floor, with her back to him, so that Herbert could not see her face. Her long, soft dress clung to her slender figure and trailed over the ground; her hair was most elaborately arranged; she wore no jewels, but a cluster of vivid carnations was tucked into her belt—she was graceful, elegant, exquisite in every detail. There was a pulsing minute of silence between them, and then the young Canadian, with a voice that trembled in his shock of admiration and surprise, spoke her name—"Eulalia!"

She came to meet him, and their hands joined. He felt that she was trembling violently, and the girl who he had known—the shy, loving, simple-hearted girl—looked out of her eyes, all unchanged by time and absence.

"You're so wonderful, so beautiful!" he exclaimed, "I'm scared of you, Eulalia!"

"Then you don't care for me any longer?" she said softly. "You don't want to marry me or get all?"

The old thrilling note in her voice—the melody of love rippling under the words—swept him back into the past. He saw her once more in the garden of Atlantis, and he thought of the Causes which had brought them together.

"Why did you do it, my dear love?" he asked, when she told him the story of her work and struggles in London.

"To be worthy of you, Herbert," she answered quietly; "to prove that I could understand the enthusiasm of a Cause—the Cause of Happiness." Peggy Webbing, in M.A.P.

Publication And do you like being married John?

John Don't like it at all.

Publication Why, what's the matter with you John?

John Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I go to my dinner it's money; when I go to my supper it's money; when I go to bed it's money; when I wake up it's money; when I'm hungry it's money; when I'm tired it's money; when I'm lonely it's money; when I'm sad it's money; when I'm happy it's money; when I'm angry it's money; when I'm in love it's money; when I'm not in love it's money; when I'm old it's money; when I'm young it's money; when I'm dead it's money; when I'm alive it's money; when I'm not alive it's money; when I'm everything it's money; when I'm nothing it's money; when I'm the world it's money; when I'm not the world it's money; when I'm the universe it's money; when I'm not the universe it's money; when I'm God it's money; when I'm not God it's money; when I'm everything and nothing it's money; when I'm nothing and everything it's money; when I'm the end of the world it's money; when I'm the beginning of the world it's money; when I'm the middle of the world it's money; when I'm the edge of the world it's money; when I'm the center of the world it's money; when I'm the circumference of the world it's money; when I'm the diameter of the world it's money; when I'm the radius of the world it's money; when I'm the area of the world it's money; when I'm the volume of the world it's money; when I'm the mass of the world it's money; when I'm the energy of the world it's money; when I'm the power of the world it's money; when I'm the force of the world it's money; when I'm the matter of the world it's money; when I'm the spirit of the world it's money; when I'm the soul of the world it's money; when I'm the heart of the world it's money; when I'm the mind of the world it's money; when I'm the will of the world it's money; when I'm the love of the world it's money; when I'm the hate of the world it's money; when I'm the fear of the world it's money; when I'm the hope of the world it's money; when I'm the faith of the world it's money; when I'm the charity of the world it's money; 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Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$100 and upwards). Interest is added to all balances on last days of January, April, July and October.

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H. M. RICHARDS, Local Manager, Edmonton.

Duncan Bros. & Butters

In connection with our ANNUAL JULY SALE, we are making some startling reductions in prices on reliable, seasonable goods. We must have room for fall goods, so you will find bargains in every Department. Step in and ask for anything you want, and we will quote you a price that will surprise you.

Fancy Tansies in Silk Regular 60c. Sale price 45c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslins, light colors Reg. 40c to 75c. Sale price 25c a yd.
Colored Pongee Silk in navy, green and tan Regular 75c. Sale price 60c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslins, light colors Reg. 50c to 75c. Sale price 35c a yd.
Embroidered Vests, suit linings, in tan and navy blue. Regular \$1.25. Sale price \$1.25 a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslins, light colors Reg. 50c to 75c. Sale price 35c a yd.
Wool Vests, in brown, champagne and fawn. Reg. 60c. Sale price 30c a yd.	Fancy Dress Muslins, light colors Reg. 50c to 75c. Sale price 35c a yd.
Ladies' White Muslin Blouses Reg. \$1.25 to \$2.00. Sale price \$1.00 to \$1.75	Children's Dresses, white and colored Reg. 50c to \$1.00. Sale price 25c to \$2.00
Ladies' Underwear Reg. 50c to \$1.00. Sale price 70c to \$2.00	Ladies' White Duck Skirts Reg. \$1.75, \$2.75 and \$3.00. Sale price \$1.25, \$2.00 and \$2.25
Ladies' Muslin Drawers Reg. 40c to \$1.00. Sale price 30c to \$1.10	All our Fancy Dress Blouses to be cleared out at one-half of regular price.
BOOTS AND SHOES 18 pair Men's Box Calf, Goodway welt. Reg. \$10.00 for \$8.50 a pair	12 pair Boys' Shoes, sizes 2 to 6. Reg. \$2.50 for \$1.75 a pair
15 pair Men's Common Sense Shoes, Jockey Regular \$1.50 for \$2.75 a pair	15 pair Youth's Canvas Oxfords, sizes 11 to 13. Reg. \$1.20 for 95c a pair
17 pair Ladies' Vel Kid Oxfords, Goodway welt. Reg. \$3.00 for \$2.75 a pair	See the Crawford Shoe for Men in our entrance window.

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Means something to an intelligent woman. When they unroll into perfectly formed leaves she knows it is not stale, much-handled bulk tea, but reliable



RAM LAL'S PURE TEA

sold by all grocer's in 1 lb. and 1 lb. packages and 1 lb., 3 lb. and 5 lb. tins, with its own Fine Natural Flavor.



ARS LONGA.

Not thy great gifts, O God! I would not be
A prophet honored in an alien clime.
Or send my name trumpeting down
through time.

Selling my manhood for a memory!
So should I fade into the shows of
me!

My joy become the reason of a
rhyme.
My pain, a figure in the pantomime.
My love, a light over an unknown sea
Give me but what thou givest all
mankind:

A little faith in that I labor for,
A friend whose name I daily think
to bless,
A woman in whose eyes I seek and
find,
Children mysteriously mine—no
more
Than common, ordinary happiness!

—Brian Hooker.

There is a little old saying among
us, "Speak nothing but good of the
dead," which I have been pondering
a bit on this morning because I see
another man has risen up, to disturb
the quiet rest of those two poor
turbulent spirits, Thomas Carlyle
and Jane Welsh, his wife—who
being among the last long sleepers
and having no longer the power to
reply on their own behalf, have, it
would seem to me, earned their
right to our good speaking.

I don't know if the majority of
people are as sensitive, as I myself
am, to the subject, but it has al-
ways appealed to me that outside of
the kindness of the admonition,
there is another ground that would
serve to keep us silent in the face
of the faults of those who have
departed for that other country. That reason
is the awful awe and majesty that
surrounds after death the person-
ality of even the least majestic
man in his lifetime.

The terrible stillness and pause
of the phenomena—the sphinx-like sug-
gestion of a newer and better and
deeper understanding, that as I have
said, once life is departed, appears
to rest alike on the countenance of
the righteous and the unworthy.

Only the hand of a bold or cautious
man would wish to stir up discord
and pain, where after life's fierce
struggle of rest and a great peace—
but unhappily men of this caliber
exist in quite large numbers. And
nothing in all the world so stirs their
interest and curiosity as the personal
and private life of the great men and
women of all times.

But I had thought the Carlyles
had more than their share of dis-
tinction.

Froude—their intimate friend, was
the first to draw back the curtains on
them and their domestic tragedy,
since when they have been fair
game for the scribes and newsmen
and thread of every literary crafts-
man worthy of any or no note.

The little differences of opinion
that occurred between them—such
intimate personal things which
concerned nobody but themselves—short
passages at arms that every husband
and wife at one time or another
pass through. Moods, tempers,
idiosyncrasies—nothing has been
left uncovered. As if the world had
anything to gain or lose by revealing
in the details. As if the man's work
would be one whit the less or more
remarkable, because he had been a
happy or tragic figure, while alive.

If a man's work lives after him, so
surely does the personality of the
man himself, and in the case of the
celebrity so do his human and foolish
as well as his good deeds.

T.P. heads his review of the book
"Carlyle in the Making," by R. S.
Craig.

"The Incomparable Carlyle,"
which is much kinder view of
the case than that taken by the
author.

Mr. Craig has nothing but bad to
say of the dead Jane Welsh, nothing
but good of Carlyle.

The Adam of it! "The woman did
it." She tempted him, and he fell!

Throughout, the volume is taken
up with pointing his virtues, her
vices.

In the words of the eminent re-
viewer:

"Now and then he allows that
Carlyle may have been wrong in his
judgments, selfish in his demands
and he insists more than once that
the great man's 'Reminiscences' are
unjust and even ungrateful to the
many friends who helped him on-
ward in his career. But—on the
main issue between the husband and
wife he is clear and decided. He
is for the husband and against the
wife. 'There has been far too much
cheap pity for Mrs. Carlyle,' is one
of his sentences. Speaking of the
historic visit when Emerson paid to
Carlyle in the remote desolation of
Craigenputlock, Mr. Craig makes
these observations: 'Significantly,
he tells us nothing about that other
crucial visit to Craigenputlock. Ex-
actly, like all other capable ob-
servers, he was too engrossed in the
husband to trouble concerning the
wife, the state of matters that
wife was all her life silently re-
belling against. Carlyle, in a letter,

mentions what she thought of the
visit, and it is what we might ex-
pect, not very witty or worthy the
preservation that has been accorded
to it. 'Jane says it is the first jour-
ney since Noah's deluge undertaken
to Craigenputlock for such a pur-
pose. Perhaps 'Jane' was a little
bitter that it was a Carlyle, not a
Welsh, made such a journey pro-
bably.

And again after quoting Leigh
Hunt's tribute to Carlyle's noble
character, sympathy, and generosity.
'No one ever wrote in that fashion
of Jane Welsh.'

It would have been kinder, as it
would have been more just, had Mr.
Craig paused a moment to consider
the wife's side of the question, her
wrongs, the almost impossible situa-
tion the being wife to such a man, if
such a genius, entitled.

And here, I think, P. P. O'Connor,
himself a genius in his own way,
lays a sympathetic finger on the heart
of the trouble.

Incomprehensible—There in a word
was the tragedy, of these, by some
termed, unhappy two—though who
shall judge as to that? as it is the
tragedy of hundreds of mis-matched
souls with whom we mingle every
day of our lives.

But even more unfortunate than
this incompatibility, was the disloyalty
of husband and wife, one to the
other. Knowing enough of the
great, morbidly-curious world, to
grasp how little it respects or sym-
patizes with betwixt competence or
loyalty, this foolish, lonely wife yet
unbowed her heart to it, while the
husband both before and after, her
husband, forgot his dignity as to
follow her example.

And so in addition to having made
the fatal mistake (if what some of
the critics maintain is true) of
having taken each other as life part-
ners, these two made the graver
error yet of forgetting the noble re-
luctance that we call loyalty, that
shapewords more married lives than
all of the other matrimonial rocks
combined.

I have little sympathy with those
people who take their personal griev-
ances to the public market-place for
display, but I can understand Jane
Welsh's attitude in the present case
perfectly.

T.P. speaks of her first cause of
complaint as "Carlyle's terrible ab-
sorption in himself and his work."

"Sartor Resartus" would never
have been possible if it had not been
for the loneliness and tranquillity of
Craigenputlock.

Craig, who is a reviewer adds "Yes, but
look at Craigenputlock from the man's
point of view. It was there that
Mr. Carlyle, after all our epochs of
their joint life, had to endure that
loneliness of which she complained
aloud throughout her whole married
life, and which was one to part of
her tragedy. When they were at
Edinburgh, and almost when they
were in the first hours of the life of
Mrs. Carlyle, she was lonely. Take
Carlyle's own description of life at
Comely Bank—is there any man or
woman who has known married life
who will not understand what it meant
to Mrs. Carlyle, and will not feel
some sympathy with her? John
Carlyle, the doctor brother, is stay-
ing with the young married couple
at the time, and this is how Carlyle
describes their lives:

"After breakfast the good wife and
the doctor retire upstairs to the
drawing-room, a little room all fitted
up like a lady's work-box. He
himself sat 'scribbling' till one or
two o'clock, when he sallied forth
for a walk, and then he came back
in the direction. Returning at four, he
ate his 'mutton chicken.' After
dinner they all 'read languages' till
coffee or tea (about nine, probably),
and 'so on till bed-time.' The day
thus spent seems busy, profitable,
and pleasant for all parties, but as
the doctor was present as companion
for her, Mrs. Carlyle beheld the ten-
dency of Carlyle to work and read
alone was greater and greater. It
became more and more frequent, and
in practice more frequent. She had
soon to complain of her 'loneliness.'

But here let the curtain once more
fall. We have been so prone of late
to pry where we had no business.
Love-letters—the intimate inter-
course between a man and his wife,
nothing has been held up to us to
withstand our criticisms, and what
applies in the case of these illus-
trious two, holds equally good with
regard to the lives of those about us.

It is quite appalling as you think
of it how well informed we all are
with regard to our neighbor's affairs,
particularly with regard to our
neighbor's wife and our neighbor
himself. His business standing, his
pet vices, her frivolities and indis-
cretions.

In a great many cases, of course,
busy-bodies are to blame for this,
but unfortunately again a great deal
of "inside information" reaches one
directly from the inside. And so
I am led to believe that incompa-
tibility alone, but disloyalty be-

tween the two who travel in double
harness is to blame for a great deal
of the gossip abroad. And after
disloyalty I would write indiscretion
and after indiscretion, a craving for
excitement, and a consequent shallow-
ness of character that finds its in-
spiration in an inordinate desire for
"fine feathers," and to be the cen-
tre of the limelight.

And so instead of speaking nothing
but good of the dead—and being
charitable to the living—we have
come to think nothing but evil.

In the first instance, the dead are
beyond the feeling or caring, be-
yond the power of making us alter
our judgments, but on the other
hand what is incompatible but
selfishness, and if a man and his wife
are loyal, at least in speech, how
can we speak against but good of
them?

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The payment of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con-
—A Stander-By

Bringing out the Saturday News
on Friday morning instead of the
old time, late in the afternoon, has
interfered to a very great extent
with social chroniclers during the
past two weeks.

Thursday is always a popular day
for entertaining, and Friday night,
I don't know why, for dances,
which means that accounts of any
such affairs will necessarily be
over until the next issue, so the
forms are all ready to go to press
Thursday afternoon.

It was for this reason that I was
unable to insert any account of the
receptions at Government House on
Thursday afternoon and evening of
last week, which being the first of
the season were consequently very
largely attended.

As always, the rooms were beau-
tifully arranged with quantities of cut
flowers and plants, and Mrs. Bulyea
received her guests at the entrance
to the drawing-room, wearing a
smart white tulle dress, trimmed
with eyelet embroidered frills, and
necklet of gold beads at her throat.

Everyone was commenting on how
well the first lady in the Province
was looking, after her extended
summer outing, and expressing the
hope that the duties of the Cap-
tivity would not rob her of the benefit
of the change.

At her side were Mrs. A. C.
Rutherford, Mrs. Miss Agnes L.
Cameron, who assisted her in her
duties as hostess; Mrs. Rutherford
wearing a very pretty silver-grey
dress, and Mrs. Cameron a quiet
black and white costume, with a
great knot of fragrant lilies-of-the-
valley in her corsage.

The large hall, in Autumn
shades, yellow and green, a long
mirror being arranged in the centre
of the polished table, and out-lined
with yellow and green, in Autumn
leaves. In the centre was a jar of
feathery asparagus, while
smaller pots adorned the four cor-
ners and the table candles shed
their soft light over all.

Miss Babbitt, assisted by Mrs.
Sydney Woods, Mrs. Hishop, Mrs.
G. Stockard, and Miss Madeline
Graves, was in charge of the tea-
room, and was looking particularly
well in an empire frock of pale blue
mull, over an embroidered waist.

In the centre of the room
received with Mrs. Bulyea, while the
tea and ices were in charge of Mrs.
Ewing, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Babbitt
and Mrs. McFarlane.

A large number of men called dur-
ing the evening, and added the bril-
liancy of their conversation and pre-
sence to the proceedings. I append
a list of those who were present:

Mrs. N. P. Walt, Miss Winnifred
P. Walt, Mrs. J. H. McKinley,
Miss J. Chastain, Mrs. G. H.
Gravdon, Miss L. M. Ashwell,
Miss J. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs.
D. Hyndman, Mrs. R. Kadner,
Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. David S.
McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Harry H.
Robertson, Mrs. Gray, Miss Nellie
Robertson, Mrs. E. V. Hardisty, Mr.
and Mrs. J. E. Wallbridge, Mr. and
Mrs. W. F. Fawcett, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbert
McIntyre, Rev. and Mrs. Bowen,
Mrs. W. B. Fisher, Miss Ruby L.
Beale, Mrs. C. B. Beale, Mrs. C. V.
Houghton, Mrs. Clarence Rice, Miss
Emma Marshall, Mrs. J. Petrie, Mrs.
T. H. Bloyer, Mrs. J. E. Lee, L. Col
and Mrs. R. Helebury, Mrs. H. H.
Belcher, Mrs. H. W. Nesbitt, Major
and Mrs. Beale, Mrs. J. H. Morris,
Mrs. Garnet G. Morris, Mrs.
Frederick J. Morris, Mrs. Guy
Marriott, Mrs. Robert Mays, Mrs.
Allan Mode, Mrs. Somersall, Mrs.
Somersall, Mrs. A. C. Fraser, Mrs.
S. O'Connor, Mrs. J. Kenney,
Mrs. C. L. Carlsby, Mrs. D. H. Silas,
Mrs. H. H. Richards, Mrs. J.
McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold W.
Riley, Miss Mary Macdonald, Miss
H. M. LeVene, Mrs. New York, Miss
Shibley, Mr. and Mrs. E. M.
Carpenter, Miss Charlotte Stanton,
Miss Madeline Graves, Mrs. A. E.
Graves, Mrs. Chas. May, Mrs. H. H.
Sullivan, Mrs. J. A. Hishop, Hon.
A. C. and Mrs. Rutherford, Chief
Justice Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. W. D.
Riley, Mr. and Mrs. L. Crafts,
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lee, Mr. and
Mrs. R. B. Chadwick, Mr. John
Bue, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Melnae,
Mrs. Duncan Marshall, Miss L. Bessie
Sargent, Dr. E. J. Sympson, Mr.
Sympson, Mr. W. W. Gould, Mr. and
Mrs. O. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. W. H.
Hargrave, Miss Mary Campbell, J.
Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. P.
Butchart, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, Mr.

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For all years admitted the best for better service. See

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and Mrs. Thos. Bellamy, Miss Bellamy, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graves, Mrs. W. B. Stout, Miss K. Bowers, Mrs. J. N. Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bolton, Mrs. and Miss Stocks, Mrs. E. W. Barley, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams, Miss M. Hayes, Boston, Miss McGill, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. York, Dr. and Mrs. H. M. T. Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Miss Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. McCrimmon, Miss Crum, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Short, Mr. and Mrs. Blackett, Dr. and Mrs. Kevell, Dr. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. R. Second, Dr. and Mrs. Park, Mrs. Gillespie, A. C. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mould, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hull, Rev. and Mrs. A. H. McDonald.

Dr. W. D. Ferris and Mrs. Ferris, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Nicholls, Miss Bessie H. Nichols, Mrs. R. S. Crawford, Miss Alice McDougall, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Miss Jessie Cameron Brown, Mrs. Geo. Stockland, Mrs. J. McPherson, Mrs. A. J. McLean, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Purdie, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. H. W. McKenney, Miss McKenney, Mrs. A. W. Wheeler, Mrs. Wm. Sugarman, Mrs. Richard W. Lodge, Mrs. G. H. Stinson, Mr. R. H. Stinson, Miss Perkins, Miss Winnifred Perkins, Miss Dunlop, Mrs. J. R. Boyle, Senator and Mrs. Boyle, Dr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, Miss Mabel Hartney, Mr. and Mrs. K. B. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Buchanan, Mrs. A. H. Grant, Miss Mabel Grant, Mr. Chas. H. Grant, Miss Marjorie Brown, Miss Eleanor Taylor, Mr. David L. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. York, Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Mrs. T. M. Turnbull, Mrs. W. T. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harcourt, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Stuart, Calgary, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cautley, Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Blain, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Black, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Lockart, Miss Lockart.

Mrs. T. S. F. Jackson left on Thursday for a two weeks' visit to Lethbridge.

Some one has asked me in view of the spreading out of the city, the advent of so many brides, and the general shifting about of residences, if I will not urge it upon callers to add their street number to their reception day on their cards. As one woman said: "It is extremely annoying to tramp out to Seventeenth street and find your friends have moved to Fifth. For a bride who doesn't know from Adam where Mrs. — lives to have to beat the town to find her, and worse still to ring the bell of a house where your dearest intimate resided, and find your dearest rival installed as mistress." We can no longer afford to be provincial in this regard: a proper address is the only correct thing.

Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith have abandoned their down town flat, the doctor having taken offices with Dr. W. A. Wilson, in the Heinicke Block, and a residence at 1119 McKay Avenue, near Thirteenth street.

Mrs. Cooper's tea in honor of the Misses Sommerville on Saturday afternoon, was all that a girls' tea should be, and the house was a bright and gay scene after five o'clock when all the guests had arrived.

Mrs. Cooper received at the entrance to the reception room, one of the pleasantest rendezvous in town, wearing a white tailored skirt with a dainty embroidered lingerie waist. Beside her were the guests of honor: Miss Viva Sommerville in a charming frock of Dresden figured silk, with lace and pink fringe garniture, Miss Abby in a jaunty brown silk toilette, dress and hat to match, the dress elaborately embroidered in soutache braid, Miss Dorothy in a most becoming blue tailored suit and chapaneau.

Mrs. Sommerville also dropped in during the afternoon, and wore a trim navy blue tailor-made and turban to correspond.

Mrs. Mays was prettily frocked in a tulle taffeta gown and a small cream hat trimmed in the same becoming tone, and with Mrs. Pace presided at the tea-table, while Mrs. H. N. Lane served the ices and Miss Kathleen Pace and Miss Bessie Scott assisted.

The beautifully-arranged board, bright with a wealth of scarlet geraniums and red-shaded lights, fairly groaned with tempting dainties, and an altogether enjoyable hour over the tea cups, will be one of the pleasant memories these much-feted girls will carry with them to their Southern home.

Mrs. Robert Mays' tea on Friday afternoon last in honor of her

mother and sisters was one of the most charmingly arranged tea-parties it has been my pleasure to attend in Edmonton.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Mays purchased this none too modern residence, the entire house, which nine out of every ten women would have declared perfectly hopeless, beyond its commanding a magnificent view, has been transformed into as daintily appointed a bistro home as the Capital contains. But while all the rooms evince the unerring taste of their artistic mistress, it is the restful, delightful, living and dining rooms, that are the crowning witness of her originality.

Arranged with the hundred and one little personal treasures of a woman of taste, against a cool green wall setting and cream wood work, a cheery fire blazing in the old-fashioned grate, and the soft twinkling lights of numerous red-shaded candle lights here, there and everywhere, the effect as one entered was perfectly delightful.

There is an intimacy and charm engendered by this quaint old method of lighting a house, that I wonder more clever hostesses do not see the effect of. It makes guests linger longingly, where they had intended to rush away, and more than that, beneath its glow fair women look fairer, and passable ones positively pretty, where the brilliant light of electricity accentuates their every defect.

Perhaps, due to the kindly rays of these waxen tapers, we were one and all struck with each other's attractions, but certainly the remark was general, "How well everyone is looking!" And not the least attractive was the petite hostess herself, simply gowned in an embroidered linen frock, a necklet of green jade beads at her throat and a knot of crimson ribbon, her favorite shade, in her hair.

Mrs. Sommerville was in a quiet frock of rich black silk, receiving with her, while in and out among the guests, I saw Miss Viva in a very pretty old-rose gown with black velvet ribbon garniture and cream lace, and a large grey hat, Miss Abby in a most becoming tulle taffeta costume, elaborately soutached, the huge hat in the same shade, with spreading wing trimming, and Miss Dorothy looking remarkably well in an Alice blue jumper gown, over a white guimpe, and a navy blue hat.

Mrs. Bowker, one of the newest brides, was looking very smart, in a stunning toilette of soft blue with a long marabout bon.

Mrs. Frank Sommerville was in a soft plaid voile frock with green chapaneau, swathed in white marabout feathers.

At the tea table, which was a very triumph of simplicity and effectiveness, the only decorations being a low cut-glass bowl of scarlet geraniums and green, on an cyclot embroidered centre-piece surrounded by a circle of red-shaded candle lights. Mrs. Frederick Jamieson of Strathcona and Mrs. Herring Cooper presided; Mrs. Jamieson, a picture in a simple white frock with a large white hat, the crown swathed in palest blue, and the black under-ribbon framing her lovely pre-maturely white hair and sparkling vivacious face.

Mrs. Cooper wore a rich black costume and navy blue turban, and dispensed tea and a jolly greeting with equal dexterity.

Miss Kathleen Pace was the only assistant.

As the rooms were crowded, and people kept constantly coming and going I shall not attempt to enumerate them, sufficient that it was a most enjoyable party, and everyone seemed there.

Owing to the press of election copy this week I have been given strict orders to hold my accounts of social happenings down to the narrowest possible limits. I suppose for once the sterner sex are entitled to the lion's share of the paper, so I have much pleasure in stepping aside and letting them have their scrap out. Next week look out for squalls.

Madame Milton Martin's post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons were among the interesting events of the early part of the week.

On the first day the fair girl bride wore her exquisite wedding gown, and did the honors of her bistro house in the prettiest possible fashion. The cosy rooms were very attractive with their beautiful

bridal gifts, arranged in their proper setting, and many lovely cut-flowers, while the table was centered with a tall vase of white carnation and fern, with effective green shaded candle-lights.

Mrs. Jack O'Reil Hayes and Mrs. Calderon presided on the first day, and Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Duncan Smith the second, Miss Tilley, Miss Violet Wilson, and Miss Eleanor Taylor assisting.

On Wednesday Madame Martin wore a beautiful pale reception frock in which she was very much admired.

Mrs. N. D. Beck assisted in receiving on both afternoons.

On Wednesday evening the girls of the young un-married set gave a jolly, little, good-bye dance in honor of the Misses Sommerville, a sprinkling of young matrons, doing the proper, by being present.

The merry affair took place in Rennie's Academy, which was prettily decorated for the occasion, Richardson's Orchestra supplied the music, and the dainty supper was the product of the friendly fingers of the girls who gave the dance—and so was extra good.

The matrons who had the honor of being invited to be present were: Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Mays, Mrs. Pace, Mrs. Frank Sommerville, Mrs. R. A. Robertson, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Joseph Morris.

Everyone was, I hear, prettily frocked but I have only space for the guests of honor. Miss Viva Sommerville, in a pretty black and pink frock, Miss Abby looking exceptionally well in dainty pink and white, and Miss Dorothy in a pale blue empire gown.

During the supper interval Mrs. Robertson played some excellent extras and Miss Potter, who was described to me as looking "perfectly sweet" in a fine pink embroidered mull frock, sang some charming songs in splendid voice.

The singing of "For they are jolly good fellows," "Auld Lang Syne," and other old favorites brought the evening to a regretful close.

Mrs. C. W. Cross assisted Mrs. O. F. Strong in receiving the second day of her post-nuptial reception, Miss Strong, the doctor's sister, who wore a pretty white frock also helping to do the honors, while a bevy of pretty girls looked after the numerous callers.

Miss Kathleen Graydon, who has been critically ill with typhoid fever, is now, all her friends will be glad to hear, improving.

A most profitable as well as enjoyable afternoon was spent at the home of Mrs. Arthur Murphy on Monday last when Mrs. McKinney, who has just returned from the mission field in India, delivered a lecture on her work there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jackson of Ponoka, were guests at the home of Rev. W. R. and Mrs. George, Strathcona, while Mr. Jackson was in attendance at the University Convocation exercises.

Mrs. M. J. McLeod and Miss Winnifred Perkins have returned from a five months' visit to Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. George Stockand was the hostess last Friday evening of a most enjoyable gathering in honor of Miss Cameron and Miss Brown.

The ladies of All Saints' Congregation intend holding a loan exhibit of art, antiquities, and curios at the residence of Mrs. Richard Second, corner Fifth street and MacKay avenue on the afternoons and evenings during the first week in November. Anyone having articles of interest which they are willing to loan will confer a favor by notifying Mrs. Second or some of the other ladies of the congregation. Special care will be given all articles loaned. The ladies in charge will wear the costumes of the countries represented by the exhibits. A musical program will be given and refreshments served.

A great many pretty little things can be made of Berlin wool, ribbons, baskets, etc. A good variety of these materials can be had at Little's Stationery Store.

Note and Comment

Continued from page 4

Catholic church. Most inflammatory appeals were made to Protestant sentiment. In the provincial elections that followed a few months later in Alberta and Saskatchewan, this policy was continued, though in a somewhat modified form. No one who was in the country at that time need be reminded of the kind of ammunition that was used against the administration. But now note the language that campaigners are using at Conservative meetings in Quebec during the present contest. Take the speech delivered the other day in Montreal by Mr. Whitney's Minister of Public Works, Dr. Reame. The report of the gathering reads:

"Dr. Reame spoke in French and discussed the general record of the Laurier government, which, he said, had begun its career by sacrificing the interests of Manitoba to satisfy fanaticism, and has gone on in the last parliament and done the same thing for the French of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The government was inundating the west with Doukhobors and such characters to destroy French influence. The French-Canadians in Ontario had knocked at the doors of the Liberal administration for thirty years without getting their rights, and did not get them until Ontario put in power Sir James Whitney, who would speak in Montreal on Friday, and should be heard by all French-Canadians."

Comment is surely unnecessary. No party can lay claim to be considered a National organization, and resort to tactics like these. We can imagine how long they would have lasted in Sir John A. Macdonald's day.

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and dozens of other articles.
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BERLIN WOOLS
and ART SILKS

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The Alberta Hair Goods Co.
558 SECOND STREET
Call attention to the fact that they are experts in

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When you consider that nowadays clothes are looked upon as an expression of your individuality and an index to your personal refinement, it behooves you to give the selection of them intelligent care and attention.

We cater to those who desire to express their personality, with a range of FIT-RITE garments that allows a man a wide latitude of expression. Every garment is well tailored and beautifully finished.

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EDMONTON OPERA HOUSE

ONE WEEK COMMENCING

Monday, Oct. 26

TWO STRONG PRODUCTIONS
Mon., Tues., Wed. & Matinee

"In the Bishop's Carriage"

By special request
Thurs., Fri., Sat. & Matinee

'The Heir to the Hurrah'

Election returns will be received by special wire on Monday night
PERFORMANCE STARTS AT 8.30 SHARP
Evening Prices: 75c, 50c, 25c. Matinee: 25c, 15c

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We have just received a car of these choice apples. The finest assortment that ever came to Edmonton.
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